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Bard

= = = = =

And seven makes nine.

The crew catches fire.

The wings of the catamaran
shadow illicit doings down below—
bright sunshine on the sand sea floor
miraculous variety of fish

and there the new people swim
gill-hand, open eyes, migrants
to the underplace. the safe sea—
could it be we? Could a swim seal
new tired oxygen in us, try us?
And nine makes none.

We breathe through skin
the whole great scroll of us
the endless story told
of us, down there
sound travels so well
no need to speak

the story knows us
skin deep we breathe
the new us in,

resting on a rock là-bas
lip-readable mouths busy
kissing the medium.

Are you home yet, father?
Why has sister taken off her clothes?
Do we belong now?
Are we nature yet?

1 December 2011

= = = = =

Sometimes a duck overhead
normally a crow. Season's
fleeting. I wonder
at the umber of tree trunks
in so much shade. Good
month now ended, now
the incarnation starts, the dark
ending, the Something Else
changes the nature of the fact.
Are we ready> The dead
are waiting for our answer.
We are the only ones
to whom they can appeal.

1 December 2011

= = = = =

(how to read a poem)

Speak it slow
slow under the water slow
late night slow
after talking all night slow
as dawn begins to show
herself abaft the window slow
almost everything is finished
slow, you're done with Hegel
and your boyfriend slow,
streetlights starting to come on slow,
slow as a day, slow as the word slow.

1 December 2011

= = = = =

pleite schraube
elend drehend
merkmal in staub
wo wohnen
deinetwegen ich.

1 Dezember 2011

= = = = =

Cars following
trucks uphill.

Gravity means
courtesy. Hold
the map tight
the road changes.

1 December 2011

= = = = =

Lucre lady leave me some
hang it on my fireplace
though I have lovèd you so well
you never delighted in my company
o the money the money
the old refrain, from the Duna
to the Danube it's all the same.
Five women for Thanksgiving
in the house, shot .22s at
beer cans on the fence, the guy
killed a buck because that's all
a guy knows how to do, the girl
helped him hoist it, the dogs
ate the guts.

No wonder
I think about the money,
purest of all our symbols,
money is all hands and no brain,
an old man falling in love
with a pretty girl he sees on the train.

2 December 2011

= = = = =

Love chatter

children at the pump

leave it to their elders

to draw the water.

We die of thirst

in a world where no one's grown up.

2 December 2011

= = = = =

I am not Hafiz, have not memorized the book,
not even the book of my own heart
if a heart can be said to be anybody's own
but the sun was shining though the other stars
were quiet that morning and all my favorite words
danced around in my head, their thighs squeezing
the pale blue mushy miracle we call the brain.
Hegel happens. "They all pretend to understand
and that pretense betrays them—there's nothing to understand.
It's all just a sonnet that doesn't rhyme, a lute
with severed strings but such a lovely shell."
Only the linkages were clear—wind,
leaf scatter, street corners, neutrinos
rushing to Italy to arrive in time for art.
Relax. All art is forgery, a dull
or brilliant copy of something seen indoors
in the sunlight-shattered shuttered mind
where all vision happens. That words again.
My vocabulary sucks. Poor Jack!

3 December 2011

LOBA

Cantilevered over thick Friday
the sleek s[an of freedom
arrives me at this Sabbath hour.
Weekend. *Wochenend und Sonnenschein*
they used to sing. The car
goes slowly through the woods.
There used to be a wolf den on this hill
then they stuck steel storage structures up,
sins against the sinuous of life.
She walked right towards us, immense
dignity of an animal intact, secure
in her own place in the mystery—
and we too were not blundering,
walked past her also belonging to the place,
earth neighbor to her, candidates
for that same old religion, meaning.

3 December 2011

= = = = =

Sometimes to wonder
give a window
the cobwebs on the sill
quiver almost
meaningfully in the winter
wind, this sight
belongs to me, this stream
I seldom visit
these woods of mine I've
never entered.

3 December 2011

= = = = =

Walking with the lover
the need is me
the tune is Other Side
where the hawk hurries
west from the lake
and pounces—we know
that whistle—so
the princes and their concubines
shiver in their gin mills
and some neon years go by.
Amaze me with all
the new words your skin
went out and learned
speak them at and over me
nude psalms on plastic
dulcimers, rebel banjos,
sopping madeleines and
the old centuries come back.

2.

They are the hawk.
We dark
people know the true
names of things
not just morning

not just weather
not just the way
say that your breasts
feel in your hands
when you stand quiet
in front of the mirror
and I turn glass.

3.

Am I waiting I think I am
for something
for all the names we know
to speak all at once

my carrot and my onions
your farm outspread across the hills.

4.

Everything is around me
there is no way out
even when I have used up
all the old words and the new
there'll still persist
that ground beneath my feet.

5.

The wind is singing in the oak across the street,
Sets up a measure, Pindar feigns listening.
All those princesses, morning smells of shampoo,
the oak tree keeps its memories to work with,
souvenirs of summer, racked on its antlers
to help it dream. It works harder all winter
than any other of our trees, Fact.

6,

Pallor. No tree across the road
summons luminous
cloud. These words
forget me.
So suppose
it really is right measure
and we fit
together like soft dead cat
in a shallow grave.
Images stalk the mind,
infest the conscience
Christians spend so much time
scrubbing clean,
white steps of the old

row houses in Baltimore we're
both too young to remember
as well as the light
remembers us.

7.

So you asked the melamed in Hebrew school
how old is God, he slapped your face,
your mother complained, yada yada,
there was a picnic later that season
and a hawk flew over, dropped a mouse
on the rustic table, and the poor thing
was still alive, sort of, and died right there
while you watched, your uncle
put a paper napkin over it and nobody
knew what to do, you moved to another
table. That was your first death.

8.

Why did he keep
pawing you behind?
He wanted to touch
what you have never seen.
Wanted to read on your skin
a story you never read
but all your life have been
telling. O the lens

of desire is a keen keen man
a woman with the most sensitive fingers
like those women in Vietnam who all
day long inspect microchips and
install them in intelligent devices.
The information reads you too.
You have the secretest vocabulary.

4 December 2011

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY

are these

broken bones honey oozes from
into the pale day of number—
break a number what pours out?
Who first thought pain was any kind of answer?

A sound tries to tell itself.
Sell me your skin,
are you tired of listening
with your fingertips,
won't you listen to the light with your eyes,

listen with your teeth, nacreous fingernails
scratching open the dull old wall?
Writan meant scratch.
Gouge the meaning in.
The *wrainbow* you write
scratches the sky.
Everything gouges meaning out.

We carry the cave with us
wherever we go
fifty thousand years of
laying on our beautiful hands.

2.

I take the tips of your fingers
in my mouth
to taste what you have written

you touch my tongue my teeth
you read like braille
everything I even said.

I taste everyone you ever touched
you touch everyone I ever kissed

this is what the Ancients meant
by the word 'city' or 'language.'

5 December 2011

SIGNALS

Not all likely
the heart habit
the roads are wet

the child stares up
at semaphores
ifting crossing switching arms

the wooden arms
they clack, the stationmaster
explains, the child

remains indifferent
to such explanations

2.

He wants the signal tower
to tell a different message
wave its arms to talk to him

tell me tell me don't explain
heaven is time for explanations

he wants all the questions first

we wants the crucifix to fly

he wants everything to be a sign

3.

He is a stupid maybe child

he reaches out everywhere

he feels around the air

feels around like a blind man

trying to find the door

he feels around the air

finds a doorframe

finds the door

feels for the handle of the air

opens the air and goes through

hooting far away the train is coming.

6 December 2011